

The Pensacola Journal

Daily. Weekly. Sunday.

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PENSACOLA, FLORIDA, SUNDAY MORNING NOVEMBER 26, 1905.

Thanksgiving Day in Pensacola.

Next Thursday is Thanksgiving Day—a day annually set apart since the landing of our Pilgrim forefathers as a time of thanksgiving for the blessings which have been vouchsafed during the year.

The day is fittingly set in the autumn of the year, a time when the harvests have been gathered in and when the fruits of the year's labors have been counted and stored away for the long winter ahead.

Whatever may be our lot in life, there is none of us who cannot find cause for thanksgiving of some kind. There is no one so poor but that some one is poorer and there is no one so rich in this world's goods that he cannot afford to pause for a day and with humble heart give thanks to the dispenser of all good things for the blessings of life and the joys of living.

Pensacola as a community has much to be thankful for this year. We have emerged safely from a most trying period and the city faces the future with prospects which could hardly be brighter. It is therefore meet that on next Thursday general business should be suspended and the day given over to thanksgiving and the mingling together of friends and families.

Let us keep the day in the spirit of the occasion which gave it birth.

Over three hundred cooks and assistants are employed in the royal kitchen at St. Petersburg to prepare the meals of the czar and his family, which are served in a bomb-proof room. The czar evidently has more to fear from indigestion than from bombs.

Yellow Fever Compared With Pneumonia and Tuberculosis.

Why is it that some people still go into hysterics at the mere mention of yellow fever when they think nothing of living year after year in the very presence of numerous other diseases more prevalent and now more deadly than the old time terror of the tropics?

This is a question that is hard to answer. It is likely, however, that as yellow fever comes only at long intervals, and the other diseases are with us perennially, people get accustomed to the latter while their slight acquaintance with the former lends a fear which is not justified by either conditions or results.

In Pensacola's yellow fever visitation during the present year, the death rate was practically three per thousand inhabitants. This happened once in 23 years.

In New York City every year three people out of every thousand inhabitants die of pneumonia, and 2 1/2 out of every thousand die from tuberculosis.

Yet no one runs away from New York City because of the presence of pneumonia there. No one runs from tuberculosis until he gets it. Both of these diseases, which exist all through the year, are due to infection. Yellow fever is not due to infection, as that term is applied to the other diseases, but is transmitted by the bite of the mosquito and only one kind of a mosquito at that.

We have not the figures at hand and it is probably impossible to get them, because Pensacola's vital statistics have never been properly kept, but could the statistics be secured we are satisfied that they would show that more people die of pneumonia and tuberculosis in this city every year than have died from yellow fever this year.

There is a way to control yellow fever. There is no known way by which either pneumonia or tuberculosis can, to any extent, be controlled.

We shall probably never see any more yellow fever in this county. The other two diseases will be with us indefinitely.

In the light of these facts, why should people go into a hysteria of

fright either at the mention or the presence of yellow fever?

As a matter of fact, the vast majority of people have now come to look at the disease in a new light, and with an occasional exception it is doubtful if the presence of yellow fever would cause much of a commotion in the community again.

Claude L'Engle's Saturday Sun has made its appearance and a brilliant luminary it is. It is illustrated by A. K. Taylor, the cartoonist whose work has made for him a national reputation, and it is edited by one of the brightest editorial writers in the country—Claude L'Engle himself. The Journal predicts for the Sun a successful and profitable existence. It deserves success and that is more than half the battle.

Mr. Harben's Latest Work

—Pole Baker.

One of the most fascinating and charming stories of southern life that has recently appeared, is Will N. Harben's "Pole Baker," published as a serial by Tom Watson's Magazine and in book form by Harper & Brothers.

This is not Mr. Harben's first work, but it is one of his best ones. It is a story of the simple, homely life of the Georgia mountaineer—a character that breathes a philosophy as profound and a patriotism as pure as ever flowed from the brain or soul of a more cultured type in the more strenuous existence of the outside world.

Mr. Harben's work is a pastoral in prose, a style all of the author's own, and it transports the reader by easy stages into the restful bucolic life of the simple Georgia folk until, in fancy, he sits with them around the blazing hearthstone in the rude log cabin, sees the mountain moonlight filtering through the trees, and hears afar the voice of the hoot-owl as it sounds through the stillness of the autumn night.

It is a book which leaves one better for having read it and which will make the world richer in knowledge of a people about whom so little is really known, but of whom so much could be written to the profit of mankind.

The Journal looks prosperous and metropolitan this morning—just as the city of Pensacola looks and is. You can generally size a town up by the looks of its leading paper and that being the case, it has been The Journal's object in preparing its edition to-day, to have the town sized up right.

Thanksgiving Proclamation By the Governor of Florida

STATE OF FLORIDA,
Executive Department

IT IS A BEAUTIFUL and time honored custom which sets apart one day in each year as a day of thanksgiving for the blessings, material and spiritual, which, we, as a people, enjoy. The year, now nearing its end, has been fruitful in blessings to the people of Florida, the intellectual and moral uplifting of our people is evidenced on every hand and the great material development of the State is observed and commented upon by all thoughtful people; prosperity prevails throughout the length and breadth of the State; Labor has had full employment; commerce has been in such volume as to almost choke the channels of trade; no sickness of an epidemic character has afflicted our people, except in one City, and there its ravages have been light and its progress is now most mercifully stayed; no flood or other great calamity has been visited upon us;

Therefore, following the example of the President of the United States, who has proclaimed the Thirtieth of November, as a day of prayer and thanksgiving to Almighty God the Giver of all Good and Precious Gifts, I, Napoleon B. Broward, Governor of the State of Florida, do hereby proclaim and set apart Thursday, the Thirtieth of November, A. D. 1905, as Thanksgiving Day.

On that day let all our people suspend their usual vocations and in public and private give praise and thanks to the Great Creator for the Blessings we have received at HIS hands; let our grateful hearts express thankfulness in acts of charity and benevolence toward the suffering and needy, the widow and orphan, that these unfortunate may also have cause for thankfulness and rejoicing.

In Testimony Whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused to be affixed the Great Seal of the State of Florida, at Tallahassee, the Capitol, this Fourteenth Day of November, A. D. 1905.

NAPOLÉON B. BROWARD,
Governor.

By the Governor, Attest:
H. CLAY CRAWFORD,
Secretary of State.

A Christmas Edition

Next.

Three weeks from to-day, Dec. 17, The Journal will issue a Christmas Edition, on the same order as to-day's Thanksgiving Edition only bigger and better than this one.

Everyone remembers The Journal's Christmas Edition last year. It contained 24 big bright pages and it was the first Edition of a Pensacola newspaper carrying The Associated Press telegraphic service.

The Journal's circulation is much larger now than it was then and advertising space is consequently much more valuable to the advertiser than it was in the Christmas Edition of 1904. That edition consisted of only 4,000 copies—a big number for that time, but not so big when compared with The Journal's circulation now. The Christmas Edition three weeks from to-day will have a circulation of over 6,000 copies, by far the largest regular Edition of a newspaper ever printed in Pensacola.

Advertisers should prepare copy at once for this edition, as those who wait too late are likely to get left out. Christmas buyers are going to spend their money with the merchant who asks them for their trade, and those buyers can be reached in no other way than through the columns of The Journal.

Any person finding a clue lying around loose will confer a great favor by turning same over to the Pensacola Police department so that it can be added to the large and rapidly growing collection at police headquarters.

A Comparison

Not Sustained by Logic.

Senator Morgan of Alabama, recently gave expression to a most remarkable utterance. That is, it is remarkable for a man of the intelligence, the standing, and the prominence generally which the Alabama senator possesses. Speaking of the recent New York election Senator Morgan said:

The movement for Hearst is a movement for mob rule. It is an insanity. It is the same sort of infatuation that was exhibited at various times throughout Europe and in parts of the United States. It is the infatuation which has shown itself especially virulent in form in Russia during the last few days and which has been exhibited repeatedly in Germany, Italy, Austria and France. There is less of it in England than in any other European country, but it exists there to a certain extent. It made itself felt in Chicago in the election of Mayor Dunne, and the results of his election gave another demonstration of the folly and futility of such performances and of the possibility of accomplishing any good by such means.

The statement does violence to both the intelligence and the patriotism which usually characterize Senator Morgan's public utterances.

In the first place, his statement that the "movement for Hearst," or a movement for anybody or anything else in this country, is of the same order as the present revolutionary movements among the oppressed peasants of Russia, or in the same class with the revolts against governmental oppression which have from time to time shaken the various countries of Europe in the past—this statement—is something which no man of intelligence ought to be responsible for and which no patriotic American can afford to make.

Popular movements of any kind, in this country or any other country, are simply effects of certain conditions or causes.

If therefore the "Hearst movement," which Senator Morgan designates as a movement for "mob rule" is of a kind with the present disturbances in Russia, it logically follows that the same conditions which produce the Russian disturbances are also present in this

JUST LIKE "BINGEN"

William F. Kirk, in Atlanta News.

A badly battered watcher lay a-groaning at the polls; His body had been coddled from his derby to his soles, A copper knelt beside him as his face was turning gray And bent with plying glances to hear what he might say. The wounded watcher faltered as he took the copper's mitt; Said he, "You'll never know the many places I was hit. A bunch of thugs attacked me till I knew no sight nor sound, For I was not for Murphy—Charley Murphy of Good Ground."

"I saw the floaters sweep along; I heard, or seemed to hear, The thud of brass or blackjack landing on some voter's ear. Officials grinned at challengers and shouted 'Twenty-three!'"

A term I do not understand, as slang is Greek to me. I saw the M. O. Watchers and the watchers for Jerome Make prizes, get their teeth kicked out, and take a stretcher home. They seemed like martyrs put there for the Wigwag's thugs to pound— They were crossing Mr. Murphy—Charley Murphy of Good Ground.

"Two honest votes I know were lost—my father's vote and mine— Floaters had used our names before we struggled through the line. We told our plaintive story to McCallahan Democrats, Who closed my eyes with vicious jabs and kicked in father's slats. The watcher's voice grew fainter till it broke in murmurs low; A doctor came and dressed his wounds, but said he had no show. He died, and this brief epitaph was placed above his mound. 'He faced one who angered Charley Murphy of Good Ground.'"

A Time For Thanks

By ARTHUR J. BURDICK

[Copyright, 1905, by Arthur J. Burdick.]

"TIS rest time an' 'blest time, an' time to lift the voice In glad Thanksgiving anthems—time now to rejoice That fruit time brought a plenty; that harvest toil is o'er."

That larder, granary an' bin hold now a bounteous store.

Swing back the smokehouse door, there, An' take a peep within! Those hams is brown an' hangin' down Say, "Let the feast begin!"



"TIS rare time an' spare time, the time to lift the heart With swells thoughts o' gratitude to Him who doth impart To us such bounteous blessings; to us such pleasures rare."

'Tis time to ope the generous hand an' all these blessings share.

Set goin' the corn popper; Lay chestnuts on the coals; Thanksgiving's here, dispense the cheer An' gladden other souls.

"TIS cheer time an' dear time, an' time to gather in The loved ones o' the neighborhood, an' all the kin an' kin."

Lengthen out the table, an' let the cloth be spread; Time for fellowship an' love, an' time for breakin' bread.

Tune the fiddle, strain the string, Roast well the bow; Get yer pardners on the floor— Fiddler, let 'er go!



"TIS glad time, but sad time, for memories arise O' loved ones givin' thanks this year up yonder in the skies; An' though we know 'is better so, an' they are happy there, Our eyes will dim where'er they fall upon the vacant chair."

But let us be rejoicin' An' voicein' thankful prayer; Those friends so dear blest us when here, An' we shall meet them there.

ADVERTISEMENTS AS NEWS. When one wants a particular commodity, one is gratified to come upon an advertisement telling where it may be had, what it will cost and other facts about it. Such information is in the nature of news and is more important to the person interested than data concerning the cessation of Sakhalin or the status of the Equitable war. Wise merchants recognize the value of store news and model their ads accordingly—Shoe Retailer.

Bay Excursion. Sunday, November 26, on Steamer Monarch, leaves Palafox wharf at 2:30 for life saving station and the gulf. Last opportunity of the season. Fare 50c, children 25c.

Now Wide Open. Pensacola is now a wide open town, the state health authorities having raised the quarantine Saturday night. No longer will it be necessary to provide yourself with health "stiffness" if you want to go visiting—Madison New Enterprise.

After the Buyers. Pensacola wants her trade again, and will solicit a return of the buyers to that city. Hope she may get all of the former and many new ones.—Jacksonville Metropolis.

Now Wide Open. Pensacola is now a wide open town, the state health authorities having raised the quarantine Saturday night. No longer will it be necessary to provide yourself with health "stiffness" if you want to go visiting—Madison New Enterprise.

FORBES

The Quality Store.

Beautiful

Oriental Art Pottery

At Actual Import Prices.

Sale Begins Monday, the 27th,

at 8:30 Sharp.

Over three hundred pieces exquisite Art Pottery, which was to form the Holiday Stock of the Forbes Furniture Co., whose place of business was recently destroyed by the big fire

Will Be Sacrificed Here Monday Regardless of Their True Value.

If you have an eye to the beautiful or artistic, we urge that you be on hand early, for such an opportunity will never occur again. See show window.

Japanese "Awvata" Vases (9 to 12 inches high) Exquisitely Decorated. 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25.

"Awvata" Vases. (13 inches high) Oriental Hand-Decorated \$3.50, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$5.00.

"Awvata" Tankards. (16 inches high) Oriental Hand-Decorated \$3, \$3.50, \$4, \$4.50.

"Toyosuka" Pottery. (Bamboo Braided) Jardiniere, Tanks, Etc. 1, \$1.50, 2 to \$4.50

Now is the Time to Get Your X-mas Presents.

New Plaid "Sepoy" Silks

JUST RECEIVED BY EXPRESS

another lot of those beautiful Plaid Waistings now so popular for Ladies' Waists and Misses' Dresses. The regular 35c quality

Monday, 25c the yard.

They are sure to go with a rush, so better come early.

Axminster and Smyrna Rugs.

Two Extra Special Values for Monday, Size, 27x54 inches.

\$3.50 Axminster Velvet Rugs. Empire designs Extra Special, \$2.50

\$3.00 Smyrna Rugs, Oriental designs, Extra Special, \$2.00

NO MORE AT THESE PRICES AFTER MONDAY.

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The M. & O. CLOTHING STORE,

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Shirts	The widest variety of weaves and colors at prices to suit your Thanksgiving purse.	Sweaters
Underwear		Neckwear
Hats	Our 10-oz Fleece-Lined Underwear at 75c Suit, Boys' Fleece Lined at 60c Suit	Handk'fs
Hosiery		Suit Cases
Shoes	is the trade winners of the city.	Pants

See us before buying or you will regret it.

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